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Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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How sweet and sudden, like the scent of flowers after an evening thunder-shower, is the peace which breathes in Job's words: "I know that Thou can'st do everything. . . . Hear I beseech Thee and I will speak. . . . I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee." Job has been translated into the life which is sustained by prayer, prayer which opens our minds to infinite secrets of the soul. We hear "the morning stars still singing together, and all the sons of God shouting for joy." We dimly feel that we are moving towards the consummation of all things, and our fitful hearts occasionally throb in unison with the vast music of the spheres. Our minds range free from thought to thought, through space and darkness, even to God's very seat, where only prayer can stoop, silent, with veiled eyes in the beams of love.

And if the Lord refused to answer Job except out of the whirlwind, a time was coming when God would speak, not of His terrible power, not of His awful attributes, not of His marvellous works, but rather of a child and of a virgin-mother. The opening of Isaiah's book is strangely knit with the book of Job. There is the same longing for sincerity in both; Isaiah expresses it by the words: "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me." And Isaiah also says: "Cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." All these virtues Job had practised. But God is no longer the defiant voice in the whirlwind: "Hast thou an arm like God? or can'st thou thunder with a voice like Him?" It is: "Come, now, let us reason together, saith the Lord. . . . Judge, I pray you, betwixt Me and My vineyard. What could have been done more to My vineyard, that I have not done in it?" How beautiful is this transition from the jealous God to the living Father of the Messiah to be! and how profound the lesson! For it is on the feeling of God's power and of our own weakness that all religion must be founded; this is the rock on which our faith must stand, otherwise it is impossible to understand the full meaning of the gospel of love. Before God spake to him, and in spite of his despair, Job did not realise his own weakness. It was only afterwards that his eye saw God, and that his mind was capable to feeling the need of the "everlasting arms." "He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing."

MOSES: A STUDY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Hebrews xi. 24—26.

* * * * *

—SUCH entrance had the tempter won to soul
Less single, faithful, free from self. For him,
The lesser praise of sacrifice is lost
In high obedience, that perceives no choice;
In faith, so fixed on glories of the promise,
That all immediate and more personal good
Devoid of lustre shows, uncertain, dim,
Like men and trees and shapes of earth to eyes
Long filled with splendours of a western sun.
Happy the people are in such a case!
Yea, blest are they for whom their God provides
Deliverer so meet!

* * * * *

"It came into his heart to visit his brethren."

Some souls there are, confined in given sphere,
Who feel within an energy divine
That could, with freer scope, do mighty things:
They see high work untouched around them lie,
The work sure inner witness ear-marks theirs,
But cannot reach it—so hemm'd in are they!
Wish for a thing enough, times, and again,
To importunity, though it be dumb,
The wish is given; these one day wake to find
Hindrances vanished, the work brought to their hand,
As with permit to test their fitness for it.
No weak mistrust of self their ardour damps;—
With lofty confidence and fearless zeal
They essay their powers: the goal draws near: when lo!
Some casual failure in self-mastery,
Some want of judgment, tact, or reticence,
Makes shipwreck of the whole! Do they escape,—
Barely escape, seizing their lives as prey,—
Then, in hot agony of self-abasement,

Which is but pride taking the lowest place
 That so no further fall be possible,
 The condemnation issues from themselves,
 They had refused to read in obstacles
 That hindered their advance. "They are not fit,
 They never were, they never will be fit
 For aught but to escape from eyes of men
 And silent creep to an unhonoured grave!"

* * * *

"Moses was content to dwell with the man."

Only the warped in mind do fret and fume
 And spend their force in mad attempts to shift
 The stubborn bounds that fix their place in life.
 True natures acquiesce — holding as creed
 That Circumstance, a sacred oracle,
 Speaks with the voice of God to faithful souls.

"Content to dwell"

With Midian's shepherd chief and herd his flock,—
 The only record of the prophet's mind
 In all those forty years.

* * * *

*"The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh
 unto his friend."*

High years! that stand
 As the red-letter era of our race:
 Days when a man did prove how high, how deep,
 Mere man might reach in knowledge of our God:
 Height never soared, depth never sounded since,
 Save by the Son Who shares the Father's essence.
 O Mystery of Grace! that any man,
 Standing for forty years with open breast
 Beneath the full down-dropping of the Spirit,
 Should be at last so utterly fulfill'd,
 Possessed, imbued, with the mind divine,
 That apprehending human eye could meet
 The gaze of God!—that He, once among men,
 Should note the glow of answering sympathy!

A PLAIN ACCOUNT OF A KERRY POTATO-PATCH.

April to November, 1902.

BY E. A. MAGILL.

DURING the early months of this spring I amused myself—as orders were to do no real work—by doing odd jobs in the kitchen-garden, being taken on as "garden boy." This led me to think I should be able to work a little garden of my own. For many years I had been hoping that some day I should have time and opportunity to experiment on the possibilities of market-gardening, and now it seemed the occasion had come, the only question to be decided being where was the experiment to be carried on. In the field outside the west wall of the real garden and bordered on the north wall by the extension (continuation) of the garden south wall, a croquet lawn some 100 ft. square had been enclosed and levelled during the preceding winter. The simplest plan seemed to be to allot to me a plot round about the croquet lawn. Taking the wall facing east, *i.e.*, the west wall of the old garden, which is 200 ft. long, as radius, and the angle it makes with the north protecting wall at centre, a circle was described, and the quadrant contained by the two walls nominated "My Potato Garden." Note that I had only 80 ft. of wall, the east one, a couple of elms grow by the other, so it all appertains to the croquet lawn, which makes the area of my patch—the area of the lawn being deducted—about 2381 yards or half an acre. I should perhaps explain that hereaway any part of a field which is set aside by the farmer, as this was, is designated his potato garden. My original intention too was to set the greater part of this half acre with Brown Rocks, a good potato to set in April. But I wished to test what could be done by one individual with the very least possible capital, and if £10 per statute acre be the least working capital which should be invested in a farm, how much should one be prepared to invest in a garden?